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Ancestors.

Like most Americans I know little of my immediate ancestors. I never saw my grandfather and about all I know of him is that he was born in Worcester, Massachusetts, married, had three children of whom my father was the youngest, separated from his wife, was captain of a passenger packet on the Erie Canal, and died in Buffalo, N.Y., when I was a child. I do not even know his first name. Some years ago I obtained a copy of an "Estabrook Genealogy," which shows that the traditional three brothers came from England to Boston in 1660, that one was a preacher at Lexington, one a teacher, and one a town surveyor.

All I know of father's mother is that she was proud of the fact that she was a "Dimmick," which means nothing to me, and traced her descent to an Irish king. She came to live with my parents for awhile when I was an infant, but the house was not large enough for her and my mother and she soon went to live with friends, and when and where she died I do not know.

My mother's father, name of Brown, died when she was a child, and his first name, antecedents, life, and place of death are unknown. Mother's best recollection is, first that he was an Englishman and served as a captain in the Mexican War, secondly that he was a Virginian, and thirdly that he was from New Jersey, but she was never able to identify ^{him with} any Brown who served as an officer in the Mexican or any other war.

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Alsace or Switzerland, family name Hartman, niece of a celebrated French Bishop. She ^{understood} ~~says~~ that the family were refugees from France during the Napoleonic wars and emigrated to Philadelphia and thence to Ohio and Illinois. She says her mother spoke French but never taught it to any of her eight children; that she was present at a reception given to General LaFayette at Philadelphia in 1824; that she was a cousin of the Captain ^{Johan} Suter on whose land gold was first discovered in California in 1849; that she was married three times, first to a man named Aiken in Ohio who died; secondly to a man named Dexter, who also died; and thirdly to a man named Brown who, it appears, was a farmer in Illinois, who died when mother was an infant. There were eight children by these three marriages, of which mother was the youngest. This grandmother died and was buried at ~~Grand~~ Grand ^{d P} Pec^tour, Ill., when I was an infant.

This about sums up my hearsay knowledge of my grandparents and so far as my conscious life is concerned they might as well never have lived. Apparently they made very little impression upon my parents, perhaps for the reason that both ~~parents~~ left home at an early age.

Accepting mother's ideas ^{as to} ~~of~~ the constitution of our family, it will be seen that I had one grandfather of New England puritanical preacher stock, one grandfather of Virginia-English cavalier stock, one grandmother of English-Irish-New England stock, and one grandmother of Swiss-French stock.

was born in Hartland, Wisconsin in 1848

My father, John Otis Estabrook, ^{AA} was of small stature, medium size, with well-knit muscular figure, blond complexion, blue eyes, light brown hair, regular ~~features~~ clear-cut features, nervous temperament, quick tempered, alert, cheerful disposition, social by nature, slow to give offense but quick to take it, and always

ready to fight on the drop of the hat as if he had a strain of Irish in him. From hearsay I know that on the separation of his parents when he was a child he went to live with an uncle and aunt at Oconomowoc, Wis.; that he liked to play truant with some Irish boy companions, play games and go in swimming, and that he belonged to a band of Irish neighbor boys that fought pitched battles with a band of neighbor German boys. From his association with Irish boys and their parents he could imitate the Irish brogue to perfection, and all his life he liked the Irish and heartily disliked all Germans. He ran away from home at the mature age of 13 and found employment as a cabin boy on a lake steamer. A year later, with a companion, he misrepresented his age and enlisted in the U.S. Navy, 1864-~~18~~65, and was on the ill-fated Banks expedition up Red River. He was honorably discharged and later in life received a pension. All his life he was proud of his naval service and was intensely patriotic, being a member of the Grand Army of the Republic, at one time Commander of the Naval Post in Texas, and Adjutant of the G.A.R. Post in Washington, D.C. After the close of the war he went to school in Rockford, Ill., doing janitor work to pay his board. Here he met mother and married in his 18th year. He died about 1920 in his 72d year and is buried in Mount Olivet Cemetery in Frederick, Md.

My mother, Emma Brown, is of medium height, ~~with black~~
~~hair~~ a brunette, and until middle life had a wealth of unusually long and thick black hair. She was born in Grand ^{De}tour, Ill., was the baby of the family, grew up with seven brothers and sisters and her widowed mother, went to school and finished the elementary grades, ~~worked during vacations in a factory in Rockford, Ill., where she~~
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My mother, Emma Brown, is of medium height, with wavy blonde hair, and until middle life had a wealth of unusually long and thick black hair. She was born in Granville, Ill., was the baby of the family, grew up with seven brothers and sisters and her widowed mother, went to school and finished the elementary grades, worked during vacations in a factory in Rockford, Ill., where she met and married father at the age of 16. She has the artistic

temperament, always a dreamer, full of indomitable energy, unquenchable ambition for herself and family, and always doomed to partial success, ~~and~~ failure and disappointment. Although her schooling was limited she taught in a number of schools. She ~~xxxx~~ often wrote articles and stories for the press and was a member of the Press Women's Club. ^{of Washington, D.C.} Late in life she took up drawing and painting with considerable success. She has a keen sense of humor, is extremely proud of her supposed ancestry on rather slim foundations, slow to take offense but when offended extremely slow to forgive and inclined to be just a little vindictive; charitable in many ways but extremely intolerant of views or conduct of which she does not approve. *P* She is not especially religious or puritanical, but has always been quite belligerent and bitter in her attitude toward the manifold injustices of men toward women. Always she felt that life had used her hardly, partly because of circumstances, partly because of the poverty of her widowed mother, partly because she was denied opportunities for education, leisure, travel, excitement, and the many things a girl and a woman wants. The slightest demonstration of superiority by herself or any member of her family filled her with a ~~keen~~ kind of fierce exultation as justifying her faith. All her life she has been like a bird beating its wings against the bars of a cage. *P* Her first great and irreparable misfortune was in being born a female; her second, was in marrying a man not a genius or a Croesus. Naturally this disposition and these characteristics were often a severe strain on family ties and a cause of much unhappiness to father, because he had to bear the brunt, and to me, because from early childhood I was her confidant and reliance in time of trouble.

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Apparently I inherited my physical appearance and some mental traits from my father, but the major portion of my mental characteristics were derived from my mother. She had the habit of analyzing father's character in a very impersonal sort of way, and this trait I inherit from her, which will explain why my appraisal of her may seem somewhat harsh, in view of the fact that I owe so much to her in the steadfast determination with which I sacrificed many things to prosecute a course of study or action through many difficulties. She vigorously denies being superstitious, but I have never met any other person who had such a full store of superstitious lore at her command.

My parents ran away to get married. That is, they drove in a carriage from Rockford, Ill., to Beloit, Wis., where the ceremony was performed and the marriage was kept secret for some weeks or months. I was born a year later in Rockford. Because of their youth and my early arrival I ~~know~~ ^{knew} them both when they were still young, through middle life, and into old age. Because of my resemblance to father and the relatively small difference in our ages, 19 years, his youthful appearance and my serious aspect and early look of maturity, we were often taken for brothers. Father was not handsome because of his small stature, but mother was undeniably handsome because of her shapely form and regular features, intelligent eyes, coloring, wonderful hair, and animation. Both were attractive because of their animated, friendly expression. Because of their youth when I was a child I always ~~think~~ ^{think} of them as young or in their prime. They have never been old to me. This is one of the advantages of early marriage, namely, that parents and children know each other while they are young and can go through life and grow old together with common experiences and a sympathetic

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understanding quite impossible for children born of older parents.

Birth, 1869.

Of these parents I was born ^{at Rockford, Ill.,} on March 24, 1869, my father being 19 and my mother 17 years old. This I know only from hearsay. My mental birth and real awakening, of course, came later. I have often wondered how far back the memory of other people goes, that is, at what age the first distinct impression is made on the consciousness of the infant which is remembered by it through life. This question arises from the fact that other members of the family have expressed doubt when I have described some of my early impressions that have always been perfectly clear to me, saying that these impressions must have been formed at a later period from hearing the conversation of my elders. In spite of the plausibility of this explanation and its probability, I nevertheless ~~am~~ firmly believe in the accuracy of my memory the age of which is determined approximately by other events. The question itself is relatively unimportant, but it is at least curious and interesting.

Early Impressions.

My first recollection, first awakening to consciousness, was that of being held in my mother's arms with my head resting on her ~~shoulder~~ exposed breasts. I regarded it with interest, felt of it, and discovered that there was another one like it. I wondered at their fullness, roundness, ^hwiteness, and softness, and the pretty brown spot in the center of each. Then I looked up at the face above them and saw two gray eyes looking at me and eyebrows and eyelashes that winked up and down, the white forehead, the pink cheeks, the red lips, the white teeth, and the smiling face. And I remember feeling of her clothing, her chin and cheeks, and for the first time took note of the clothes I wore, a little red jacket and a white skirt.

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1871.

Then came a complete blank. My second recollection is that of seeing another baby in my mother's arms with its head lying on her bosom--occupying my place, and I was filled with jealous rage, had a tantrum then and there, and refused to be comforted. Then another blank.

The third picture that rises up before me is that of myself in a short dress, wearing stockings that would not stay up, and slippers, playing with my little sister (two years younger than I) before a sofa. The other child was crawling about on the floor, ^otwo young to walk. There were two dolls on the floor, both of cloth stuffed with sawdust, the larger one with red jacket and trousers, evidently a soldier; and the other, smaller and with a short dress and abnormally large feet and legs. The crawling child reached for the magnificent soldier. It was mine, I knew it was mine, and instantly I asserted my property rights by snatching it rudely from her. After a moment's hesitation she reached for the other doll, only to have it snatched away from her by my greed. This was too much for her feelings and she began to wail. This brought mother, who took the smaller doll and gave it to my little sister, at the same time giving me a shake and a reprimand.

Scattered through gaps of absolute blankness are a few clear and distinct images and numberless faint recollections during the first three or four years. At this time we were living in Sterling, Ill. Father was working in a foundry. He bought a lot on the edge of town and with occasional help he managed to build a small frame house. Among my recollections is that of father and mother walking down a lane with some kind of conveyance, probably a baby carriage or wheelbarrow, in which was a quilt and a pillow,

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with myself sitting in one end facing my baby sister in the other.

On another occasion I trotted alongside my father holding on to one of his hands and I noted that for every step he took I had to take two or three. When we came to his lot I saw the framework of the little house he was building, piles of sand and lime and lumber, patches of sawdust, a wonderful place full of wonderful things to be inspected and examined. Then he showed me a live, half grown rat that had been caught and confined in a box. Through a crack in the top of the box I could see the rat and was much interested in his bright black eyes and long tail. I was left alone with the rat and soon I heard the sound of sawing and hammering and men's voices as they worked. I paid attention to the curious sights and sounds and smells of the place and thought it all very wonderful, but from time to time I would come back to see what the rat was doing. In order to see it better I began to work at the box with my fingers. I soon discovered that the lid could be raised slightly and by exerting more strength I got it loose. There was a quick movement, something brushed my hand, and I saw the little gray animal run swiftly and disappear under a pile of lumber. This was a great calamity, because I felt instinctively that I was responsible for its escape, and to this uncomfortable feeling was added the loss of the rat which I had somehow regarded as my property. This mixed feeling of chagrin and loss was expressed in a well sustained howl that brought my father running to me. The curtain falls in a glimmer of recollection as to what followed.

Later it seems that we were living in this house. It was a one-story house and the ceiling was of boards between which were cracks. Father holds me up above his head and tells me to look through the cracks to see if I can catch a glimpse of a mouse. He

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poked a bit of cheese through a knot hole and watch the mouse eat his dinner. Curtain.

It is night. I am being carried in my mother's arms. I am feeling very comfortable and contented. Father and mother are walking side by side. We come to a little house at the end of a bridge. An old man steps out, father hands him a coin, the man opens a gate, and we pass onto the bridge. There is a wooden walk on which I can hear the sound of my parents' footsteps, a wooden railing to the right waist high to father, and to the left a roadway for vehicles. Suddenly I consciously awoke to beauty. I saw above me a great dome in which were innumerable small twinkling ~~X~~ points of light, and one enormous golden disk with blue shadows on it. I try to reach the golden disk with my hands. Mother tells me it is the moon. A soft breeze fans our faces. I hear a steady musical rippling sound underneath the bridge. Looking over the bridge rail from the height of my mother's shoulder I see a broad, shining sheet of wavelets each reflecting the moonbeams. That, I am told, is the river--Rock River. I am filled with delight and gaze breathlessly first at the river and then at the moon, and then down the perspective of the wooden bridge in the moonlight. As we approach the other end there is a mass of large willows on the bank with still water and black shadows underneath. Curtain.

The curtain rises on brilliant sunshine and a hot afternoon. Mother is sitting on the grass under a willow tree. Little ~~s~~ⁱster, who even yet does not seem to be able to walk, is rolling about on the grass with a peculiar gurgling sound. I am standing up, glance about at the trees, the grass, the rocks along the shore, and across the shining rippling stream. Suddenly from behind a ~~X~~ clump of willows I see emerge a strange white figure, beautifully rounded

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and gleaming white and pink in the sunlight, and I shrink back until reassured by mother that it is only "papa," and I recognize his face. He had stripped off his clothing for a swim. I watched him step lightly to the water's edge, wade in a short distance, and then to my astonishment he curved over, plunged forward, dived and disappeared from view. I was breathless from excitement and kept my eyes on the spot where he had disappeared. After waiting and waiting I became anxious and asked mother if he was coming back and would we ever see him again. Then up came his head with a splash many yards away, and with a shake of his head and a peculiar motion of arms and legs and turning alternately from one side to the other he swam swiftly down stream several hundred yards and then back more slowly. Curtain drops, that is, what followed is a blank with not the faintest recollection of seeing father in his clothing or how we got back to the house.

Another scene of this period rises before me. I am with a boy companion of my own age playing in a roadside ditch with a sandy and nearly perpendicular bank near the house. We are both wearing dresses. Each has a little stick and is industriously digging into the sand bank, making little holes and channels. Suddenly I uncover something that I instinctively recognize as being alive. ^{The part I see} ~~It~~ is about as long as my finger and as big as my thumb. It has light gray and black scales and is moving from left to right. I pause, watch it and admire the arrangement of its scales and contrasting colors. My companion sees it and exclaims in a frightened voice, "Snake, snake," drops his stick and runs. I follow, with a vague feeling of panic, but not understanding just why. Again the curtain falls.

My second awakening to beauty came in early spring. The sun

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was shining brightly and little white clouds were floating lazily overhead. When I became conscious I was standing outside a silvery gray wooden fence with grass at my feet and a country road behind. I was alone and looking through the fence across a meadow that sloped gently up a hill against the sky beyond. The grass was a lovely tender green of different shades as it stirred in ripples before a soft breeze. In the grass were hundreds of little faces nodding at me that later I learned were violets and buttercups. What wonderful faces they were, so brightly cheerful and friendly, and so they have remained all through life, never changing, always the same in every country in which I have seen them. ¶ There were birds also. Not far from me was one with a bright yellow breast and a black cravat who looked up at the sky and gave a cheerful call. Him I learned to know as a meadow lark. Then there was a pair of robin redbreasts which ran about in the grass, cocking their heads sideways as if listening in a most curious manner. ¶ Off to one side was a low place, probably a brook, with some trees beside it. On the branches were some blackbirds chatting querulously together. ¶ Half way up the slope were some gentle looking brown cows with their heads in the grass, moving forward slowly and looking up from time to time. ¶ A winding path, the first I remember to have seen, but somehow I knew what it was, led from an old gate in the fence across the meadow and up the slope and my eyes followed the path to where it seemed to disappear in the blue sky. I longed to crawl through the fence and follow the path to the sky line and see what lay beyond. Since that day never have I seen hill or mountain, canon or forest, river or lake, sea or ocean, that I did not have the same desire to see the other side. ¶ Somehow, also, I had the feeling that the scene was familiar to me as if at some

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past time I had looked upon it and seen the rippling grass, the smiling flower faces, the contented cows, and the path leading up to the blue sky; and I have had the same feeling with respect to many other strange scenes in foreign lands.

In my second year, 1871, occurred the great fire in Chicago. I remember nothing of the event except that later I learned that father belonged to the local militia company and went with ^{it} ~~his com-~~pany to Chicago to help keep order, prevent looting, and look after the homeless and destitute.

I am crawling on the floor and enjoying this form of locomotion. Next to the wall on one side of the room is a small bureau with short legs and a shallow box-like frame underneath so that the bottom of the bureau is only a few inches above the floor. I found that by lying with my head sideways I could get it under the base and by lying on my back I could work my way underneath. Soon I am inside and can lie at full length but not turn around. I am pleased that I am in such a snug little house that just fits. But when I try to get out I find that I am a prisoner. The bureau seems to close in upon me. I am frightened and make an outcry. Mother comes running with a visiting neighbor, but they cannot pull me out. They have to call in a man to lift the bureau in order to release me. Ever since that experience I have had a feeling of horror at the thought of being caught a prisoner underneath things and especially of caves and underground passages.

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First Journey -
1872.

E--75

About the time of my third birthday my parents took me with them to attend the funeral of my father's only sister at Waukegan, Wis., leaving my baby sister to be cared for by friends. We went by train and I have a dim recollection of the red plush seats in the coach which to me was very rich and beautiful. ¶ We passed through Chicago and I recall seeing the Chicago River and some barges in it and was curious to know whether they were large animals and lived in the water like big turtles. From the train I caught my first glimpse of Lake Michigan which, to me, looked as if it were a perpendicular blue wall to keep the sky away from the land. ¶ After arriving at Waukegan we were in a room with the shades drawn down, people were sitting in chairs next to the walls in the dim light silent and solemn. When I began to ask questions mother said softly "Hush, hush," and I hushed without knowing why. In the center of the room was a casket with some flowers on it which I thought were very pretty. A man in black moved about and finally gave the signal for the people to file out. Before leaving the room they passed in single file by the casket and mother held me up so that I could see the white face within. Then the people all got into carriages. My parents, and an old lady dressed in black, and I were in one of the carriages. Mother said the old lady was my grandma. Grandmother was crying, which I could not understand because I associated crying with little children and had never seen a grownup person cry before. Arrived at the cemetery there were some words by the man in black, a sad song by the people gathered about, the lowering of the casket into the grave, weeping on the part of some more of the grownups, and again we were in the carriage with the curtains drawn. ¶ The journey back was more cheer-

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ful. Mother gave me a paper packet with some little candies in it of different colors. Some of the candies were scarlet and I immediately discovered that they were fiery hot. In the seat directly in front of us was a woman and a little girl not more than two years old that stood up and looked over the back of the seat with longing eyes at the candies I was eating. Mother suggested that I give the child some of my candies "like a good little boy." I was enjoying the ^acandies and did not like the idea of giving any of them away, but complied rather reluctantly. In doing so I carefully selected out the burning hot red candies and poked them rudely at the child in front of me. She clutched them greedily, popped them into her mouth, and sank down by the side of her mother. In a moment there were angry wails of distress and the little one grew red in the face and shed tears copiously. Both mothers were greatly mystified as to the cause of her distress, but I understood exactly what was the matter and for the first time chuckled inwardly without giving any sign on my innocent face.

Early Religious Instructions.

7 While we were living in Sterling a local Methodist preacher tried to persuade my parents to join his church. On one occasion he called at the house and after talking with mother for awhile I was cajoled into kneeling on the kitchen floor with him at the side of a wooden chair and repeat the Lord's Prayer. The chair was painted red with yellow bands around the legs and spokes of the back. For each word of the prayer he put his finger on one of the yellow rings so that it was a kind of game. Ever since I have associated the Lord's Prayer with a wooden chair. Then he tried to teach me a song, the only words of which I remember being:

"I want to be an angel,
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Early Religious Experiences.

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(1874)

Relatives in Rockford ^{E--78}
1874

From about my fifth year there is more continuity in my recollections of life and events. Also about this time my sister began to be a fairly constant companion and playmate, and I began to make the acquaintance of other children and grownups.

It was in my fifth year that I had the mumps, with both cheeks badly swollen. On this occasion my mother's eldest sister, Aunt Minerva Aiken, visited Rockford and spent the night in our house. I remember her as a large woman and because ~~when~~ ^{when} she dropped a penny and I found it she said I could keep it. This aunt never married. She was regarded by mother as the genius of the family, was a brilliant conversationalist, with a keen sense of humor, and was a ready speaker, writer, and a good business woman. She ran a millinery and dressmaking establishment at Dixon, Ill., and her later years were spent at Clinton, Iowa, where she died at an advanced age. She became an ardent spiritualist. Late in life she invested most of her savings in a real estate colonization scheme in California which ultimately failed. I sometimes think that perhaps she and other victims got their money's worth in their dreams of spending the last years of life in California and living on the proceeds of their own orange orchard and vineyard. Aunt Minerva lived to a great age and although in her declining years she was physically incapacitated she supported and cared for an old, helpless blind woman. I never saw her but the one time.

There were other aunts, uncles, and cousins in Rockford at that time whom I came to know. There was Uncle Tom Sully ~~was~~ husband of Aunt Margaret, English, of enormous girth and choleric temper, who was city marshall for many years. Aunt Margaret was

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so completely subordinated to him that I can remember her only as a sort of attenuated shadow of her massive husband. They had three children, Lena, a cripple and a musician: Fred, an overgrown strip-ling: and Frank, about my age, who ~~later~~ took after his father and as a young man found employment as a fat boy in a circus.

Another family of relatives also lived in Rockford, Aunt Louise and Uncle Tom Sumner, a Canadian, and four or five children whose very names I have forgotten. I remember Uncle Sumner from the fact that on one of his visits to our house he and father sat on the river bank and he whittled out a little boat with mast and rudder and he explained to me how the wind pushed the boat through the water and the rudder steered it.

7 Kent's Creek House.
About this time we moved to an old, gray, one story wooden house on the bank of Kent's Creek a short distance above its mouth on Rock River. On one side of the house was a yard with grass and several maple trees. In front was a picket fence and gate. On the other side of the triangular lot was the creek and a shed, and opposite was a high board fence separating our lot from that of our neighbor in which were some apple and cherry trees. Our little family occupied half the house and another family, named Rainey, the other half. The only member of the Rainey family I can remember is "Artie," a stubby, freckled faced boy of my own age. Along our block was a board sidewalk. Half a square up the street was a fire engine house and just beyond a grocery store and meat shop. Opposite the engine house was a livery stable. Across the creek, which was perhaps thirty or forty feet wide, were some scows and a muddy bank, and beyond a factory section. Two squares up from our house was a stone bridge, above which were some large

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houses surrounded by ample grounds with beautiful lawns and trees, and above the bridge the creek was a clear running brook rippling over clean white sand. A block or two below our house was a little island at which point a narrow, swaying, plank foot-bridge crossed to the factory section. It was across this bridge that father usually went to and from his work in the foundry. A short distance below the foot-bridge one could see the broader shining Rock River with green banks and a young ladies seminary on the far side. ¶ It was in this house and this environment that a busy active childhood was spent. Little Sister Nellie and Artie Rainey were my regular playmates: the neighbor children with whom we played I can visualize only as fleeting shadows. There was the ~~was~~ and yard, the woodpile ~~and the shed~~ to play in, trees to climb, the shed at the end of the lot to scale from the roof of which we could reach over and steal apples from the trees in the next yard and then hide while we ate them, and the top of the board fence served as an excellent tightrope on which to ~~walk~~ walk. The bank of the creek, which was steep to the water's edge, was a place of ^{ai}unfiling interest because among the stones along the edge were curious looking ^wcrayfish, perch, catfish, and schools of minnows; and on the mud bank on the other side usually could be seen turtles sunning themselves and it was great sport to throw stones at them and see them slide clumsily into the water. Directly opposite our house was a paper mill and we could watch the long, thin sheets of cream colored paper drying. Above the paper mill was a dyeing establishment and often the water of the creek was highly colored.

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Early in my sixth year I met with my second accident. Late one afternoon I was at the woodpile picking up sticks and chips to carry to the kitchen. My sister, four years old, was playing with a hatchet and hitting aimlessly at chips near me. I reached for a large chip just as she struck at it with the hatchet. The end of the third finger of the right hand was sliced off and the middle finger cut to the bone. I was conscious of a dull aching pain in my hand and remember my astonishment at the suddenness of the accident and the appearance of the shortened finger, but ~~made no outcry~~ do not remember making any outcry, although I probably did because mother came running out and on seeing what had happened rushed me into the kitchen and wrapped a piece of cloth about the wounded hand. Father appeared on the scene shortly thereafter, and then a doctor carrying a little black satchel. The piece of finger was found but the doctor said it was too late to stick it on again. I remember being laid on the table and hearing the word "chloroform." A handkerchief was placed over my face and I experienced a peculiar smell and immediately wheels began to buz around in my head faster and faster, and then a blank. *PP* On awaking I found my hand bandaged and my arm in a sling. After the first night there was little or no pain and I strutted^t about among my playmates greatly enjoying the look of interest and awe on their faces. *PP* A few days later father took me to the office of the doctor who removed the bandages. It seems that while I was under the influence of chloroform he had turned the skin of the wounded finger back, snipped off a piece of bone, and sewed the skin rather tightly over the end of the finger. This operation flattened the end somewhat and pushed the flesh out at the corners like the top and corners of a sack of flour,

Joseph A. Binger 81-82

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making it look rather clumsy. I watched him with interest as he applied the end of an innocent looking pencil of caustic to the protruding raw flesh. The sharp pain caused by burning flesh came as a shock, I ~~felt~~ felt that the doctor had taken an unfair advantage of me, and I protested vigorously. Father tried to quiet me by promising a stick of ^acandy, but every time the doctor touched the raw flesh with his instrument of torture I struggled and screamed. Finally he desisted from further torture and the result was a misshapen finger for life. On the way home we stopped at a grocery store and father bought me a quarter of a pound of dates, the first I remember to have seen, and I was greedy enough to eat them all without dividing with my sister.

7 This year ⁽¹⁸⁷⁵⁾ School. I was started to school in the autumn. The school house was a large, two-story brick building a few blocks up a hill from where we lived. There was a whole roomfull of boys and girls of my own age and, of course, many more that were older. At first I was shy and very unhappy, but soon became acquainted, joined in the games, and occasionally had fights and was punished for it. The punishment was administered by a young lady teacher with a rule across the palm of the hand, which always made me squirm, but I would not cry out for fear of ridicule by my playmates. I knew the alphabet and could read a little before I entered school, although I have no recollection of how I learned. P I soon learned to write and on one occasion the teacher praised my penmanship and passed it around as an example. After this public praise I took particular pains and soon achieved distinction. On visitors day, probably Friday afternoons, it was my privilege to write a sentence on the blackboard for the visitors to admire. We had ruled Spencerian copy books and wrote with lead pencils. These also were

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Sister

(over)

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exhibited to the visitors. ^H On one occasion my mother visited the school and she found on one of the pages of my copy book some drawings in the form of an oblong circle, pointed at both ends, with a short line in the middle. She seemed astonished and asked why I had drawn them. I answered truthfully that I did not know except that all the other boys were making similar drawings and I tried to make mine better than theirs. She said it was naughty and I must never do it again. I can remember none of my playmates at this school, but two incidents stand out clearly and distinctly.

We children are all standing up behind our desks with the maiden lady teacher facing us. She has a book in her hands and we are all singing with might and main "Halleluyah 'tis done, I believe on the Son, I am saved by the blood of the Crucified One," and I observe how large the teacher's mouth is as she leads the singing with her head slightly thrown back; and then I began to notice the different childish ^{voices} ~~faces~~, many of which were out of key, and the expressions on their faces, and to me the whole performance became very funny, so funny that I could no longer join in the singing and had difficulty in refraining from laughing.

On another occasion our regular teacher was absent and a girl, one of the older students from another room, was sent in as a temporary substitute. How quickly we detect her youth, her inexperience, and her embarrassment, and how like little savages we took advantage of her and tormented her. First one boy, and then another, got up and walked about the room in defiance of the young teacher, and more followed. First one girl and then another spoke out loud. Soon the children were racing and chasing each other about the room. If the poor little teacher tried to call them to

exhibited to the visitors. On one occasion my mother visited the school and she found on one of the pages of my copy book some drawings in the form of an oblong circle, pointed at both ends, with a short line in the middle. She seemed astonished and asked why I had drawn them. I answered truthfully that I did not know except that all the other boys were making similar drawings and I tried to make mine better than theirs. She said it was naughty and I must never do it again. I can remember none of my playmates at this school, but two incidents stand out clearly and distinctly. We children are all standing up behind our desks with the maiden lady teacher facing us. She has a book in her hands and we are all singing with might and main "Hallelujah 'tis done, I believe on the Son, I am saved by the blood of the Crucified One," and I observe how large the teacher's mouth is as she leads the singing with her head slightly thrown back: and then I began to notice the different childish voices, many of which were out of key, and the expressions on their faces, and to me the whole performance became very funny, so funny that I could no longer join in the singing and had difficulty in restraining from laughing. On another occasion our regular teacher was absent and a girl, one of the older students from another room, was sent in as a temporary substitute. How quickly we detect her youth, her inexperience, and her embarrassment, and how like little savages we took advantage of her and tormented her. First one boy, and then another, got up and walked about the room in defiance of the young teacher, and more followed. First one girl and then another spoke out loud. Soon the children were racing and chasing each other about the room. If the poor little teacher tried to call them to

order they answered back saucily and tauntingly, ~~and stuck out~~
made faces and stuck out their tongues at her. In the midst of
the uproar the principal, a large and dignified man with a stern
countenance, entered the room and ~~gave~~^{gave} one stern look around. In-
stantly the little cowards sank into the nearest seats. There
was a profound silence and every eye was fixed on the commanding
figure of the principal to see what he would do. He asked the
young teacher who were the ringleaders, and she replied that
they were all equally guilty. He frowned and looked us over
sternly. He turned to the young lady and directed her to report
to him the first boy or girl ^{who} dared to disobey and he would do
the rest. It was left to our guilty consciences to picture what
would happen to the first to disobey, and it was not a pleasant
picture. The revolt was completely quelled.

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